THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 28, 1803.

Deſcription of Tintern Abbey, and its Neighbourhood.

[From Barber's Tour through South Wales.]

HOW teeming with objects of curioſity and beauty is Monmouthſhire! Within two or three miles of Piercefield we reached the juſtly-famed ruin of Tintern Abbey: its dark mouldering walls, ſolemnly riſing above ſurrounding trees, appeared to us, in turning from a deep-wooded hollow, with a moſt impreſſive effect. At the village adjoining, we put up at the Beaufort Arms, the landlord of which, Mr. Gething, holds the key of the ruin, and who, extraordinary as it may ſeem, unites unaffected civility and kindneſs with upwards of forty years initiation into the buſineſs of an inn-keeper, and, as the neighbours ſay, a well-lined purſe. Paſſing the works of an iron foundry, and a train of miſerable cottages engrafted on the offices of the abbey, we found ourſelves under the weſt front of the ruin.—This confined approach, incumbered by mean buildings, is not calculated to inſpire one with a very high eſtimation of its conſequence: but on the door's being thrown open, an effect burſts on the ſpectator, of ſo majeſtic and ſingular a deſcription, that words can neither do juſtice to its merit, nor convey an adequate idea of the ſcene. It is neither a mere creation of art, nor an exhibition of nature's charms, but a grand ſpectacle in which both ſeem to have blended their powers in producing ſomething beautiful and ſublime!

Through long ranges of gothic pillars and arches, ſome diſplaying all the exquiſite workmanſhip of their cluſtered ſhafts, while others are hung with ſhadowy feſtoons of ivy, or lightly decorated with its waving tendrils, the eye paſſes; and for a moment arreſted by the lofty arches riſing in the middle of the

ſtructure that formerly ſupported the tower, it glides to the grand window at the termination of the ruin. Beyond this aperture, diſtinguiſhed by a ſhaft of uncommon lightneſs ſpringing up the middle, ſome wild wooded hills on the oppoſite ſide of the Wye rear their duſky ſummits, and cloſe the ſcene with much congenial grandeur. The ruin is generally in a high ſtate of preſervation; the outer walls are perfect; and the elegant tracery of the weſt window above the entrance has not ſuffered in one of its members. A ſingular circumſtance of this ruin, and to which may be aſcribed its ſuperior effect, is, that the fallen roof and all the other rubbiſh have been removed to the original level of the pavement by order of the duke of Beaufort, and a greenſward ſmooth as a bowling-green extended throughout. Hence all the parts riſe in the original and due proportion, and with an undiſturbed effect. At the ſame time, the uniformity of the lawn-like ſurface is diverſified with ſeveral clumps, conſiſting of broken columns, cornices, and the mutilated effigies of monks and heroes, whoſe aſhes repoſe within the walls: light branching trees ſtart from their interſtices, and throw a doubtful ſhadow over the ſculptured fragments.

Tintern Abbey is cruciform; the length of the nave and choir is 230 feet; their width, 33; and it is 160 feet to the extremes of the tranſept. It was founded for Ciſtercian monks by Walter de Clare, anno 1131; and in 1263, according to William of Worceſter, the abbot and monks entered the choir, and celebrated the firſt maſs at the high altar. It is probable that only that part of the building was then completed, as the other parts of the church are of a later ſtyle of architecture; and it was no uncommon thing for the choir to be built and conſecrated before the reſt of the ſtructure was finiſhed.

On entering the abbey, it was determined that we ſhould proceed no further that day: getting rid, therefore, of my companion and landlord, who retired in a conſultation about dinner, I locked myſelf in, and employed ſeveral hours without interruption in ſketching the intereſting features of the ruin. At an early hour the following morning, we ſallied from our inn, and croſſing the Wye, were greeted with a new effect of the abbey. Majeſtically towering above encircling trees, the external elevation aroſe in nearly its original grandeur. The walls, though clad with moſs and tender lichens, appeared no where diſmantled; yet might an eye, anxious after picturеſque forms, be offended with the uniform angles and ſtraight lines of the gable ends and parapets. We walked along the banks of the ſinuous river about half a mile from the ferry, when the ruin preſented itſelf in a very agreeable point of view. Looking full through the grand aperture of the eaſtern window, the rows of columns and arches, overhung with cluſtering ivy, wore the appearance of a

delightful

delightful grove; and at the end of the perſpective, the elegant tracery of the oppoſite window, beſprinkled with verdure, was well defined, and in its diſtant tint had an admirable effect. Theſe views of the mouldering abbey, combined with the wild ſcenery of the Wye, and the kindred gloom of a louring atmoſphere, were truly impreſſive and grand; yet they ſcarcely excited ſuch ſenſations of awful ſublimity as we felt on our firſt viſit to the interior of the ruin.

In our different walks betweeen the inn and the abbey, we were regularly beſet with importunities for alms; the labouring man abandoned his employment, and the houſewife her family, at the ſight of a ſtranger, to obtain a few pence by debaſing clamour. This ſyſtem of begging we found to ariſe from the late diſtreſſes, particularly that of the preceding year, which, bearing on the great claſs of the people with an almoſt annihilating preſſure, entitled them to the ſympathy and aſſiſtance of thoſe whom fortune had bleſſed with proſperity: they had ſtrained their aching ſinews to meet the exigence, yet their utmoſt exertions proved inadequate to the means of ſupport. Thus ſituated, alms or outrage formed their alternate reſources; but, happily, in the benevolence of the affluent they found an aſylum. This preſſure was faſt withdrawing, but its effects remained; they had taſted the ſweets of indolence, of ſupport without exertion: they no longer felt the dignity of independence (for the odium of begging was withdrawn by invincible neceſſity); and they continued the unworthy trade without remorſe. Excepting a few ſignificant curtſies in the manufactories of Neath, this was the firſt inſtance of the ſort that we met with during our tour. In other places, induſtry was urged to its higheſt exertion; here, by an increaſed weight of neceſſity, it ſunk beneath the preſſure.

The iron-works of Tintern I believe to be almoſt the only concern in the neighbourhood of Wales where the old method of fuſing the ore by charcoal furnaces continues to be practiſed The manufacture is purſued to the forming of fine wire and plates.

The mineral wealth of this diſtrict was not unknown to the ancients; for large quantities of ſcoria imperfectly ſeparated from the metal, which are evidently the refuſe of Roman bloomeries, and many furnaces whoſe origin no tradition reaches, appear in ſeveral parts of the country. Theſe Roman cinders have been in many places reworked, according to modern improvements in metallurgy, and made to yield a conſiderable portion of metal. The decline of the ancient works is juſtly attributed to their exhauſting the foreſts which formerly overſpread Wales, for charcoal, until they were at length entirely ſtopped for want of fuel. But within this half century, coke made from pit-coal, which poſſeſſes the eſſential principles of

charcoal, has been applied with ſucceſs to the fuſing of ore: in conſequence, very numerous iron-mines have been opened, and aided by an inexhauſtible ſupply of coals, their produce has exceeded even the ſanguine hopes of the projectors. It muſt, however, be remarked, that iron made with pit-coal is of inferior tenacity and ductility, to that manufactured by means of charcoal. Whether this ariſes from a radical defect in the material uſed, from a too prodigal uſe of calcerous earth to facilitate the flux of the metal, or any other cauſe, remains yet to be determined.

I cannot take leave of Tintern without mentioning a circumſtance for the benefit of thoſe touriſts who may have an obſtinate beard, or a too pliant ſkin. Having diſpatched an attendant for a barber on my arriving at the inn, a *blackſmith* was forthwith introduced, who proved to be the only ſhaver in the village. The appearance of this man, exhibiting, with all the ſootineſs of his employment, his brawny black arms bare to the ſhoulders, did not flatter me with hopes of a very mild operation; nor were they increaſed upon his producing a razor that for maſſiveneſs might have ſerved a Polypheme. I ſat down, however, and was plentifully beſmeared with ſuds; after which he endeavoured to ſupply the deficiency of an edge, by exerting his ponderous ſtrength in three or four ſuch ſcrapes as, without exciting my finer feelings, drew more tears into my eyes than might have ſufficed for a modern comedy. I waited for no more; but releaſing myſelf from his gripe, determined to paſs for a Jew rabbi, rather than undergo the penance of any more ſhaving at Tintern.

Thomas Paine's own Account of his narrow Eſcapes from the Guillotine.

[From his third Letter to the United States of America.]

I Was one of the nine members that compoſed the firſt committee of conſtitution. Six of theſe had been deſtroyed. Sieyes and myſelf have ſurvived. He, by bending with the times, and I by not bending. The other ſurvivor joined Robeſpierre, and ſigned with him the warrant of my arreſtation: after the fall of Robeſpierre, he was ſeized and impriſoned in his turn, and ſentenced to tranſportation. He has ſince apologiſed to me for having ſigned the warrant, by ſaying, he felt himſelf in danger, and was obliged to do it.

Herault Schenes, an acquaintance of Mr. Jefferſon, and a good patriot, was my ſuppliant, as member of the committee of conſtitution, that is, he was to ſupply my place, if I had not accepted or had reſigned, being next in number of votes to me.

He

He was impriſoned in the Luxembourg with me, was taken to the tribunal and guillotine, and I, his principal, was left.

There were but two foreigners in the convention, Anacharſis Clootes, and myſelf. We were both put out of the convention by the ſame vote, arreſted by the ſame order, and carried to priſon together the ſame night. He was taken to the guillotine, and I was again left. Joel Barlow was with us when we went to priſon.

Joſ. Lebon, one of the vileſt characters that ever exiſted, and who made the ſtreets of Arras run with blood, was my ſuppliant as member of the convention for Pas de Calais. When I was put out of the convention, he came and took my place. When I was liberated from priſon, and voted again into the convention, he was ſent to the ſame priſon, and took my place there, and he went to the guillotine inſtead of me. He ſupplied my place all the way through.

One hundred and ſixty-eight perſons were taken out of the Luxemburg in one night, and a hundred and ſixty of them guillotined the next day, of which I now know I was to have been one; and the manner I eſcaped that fate is curious, and has all the appearance of accident. The room in which I was lodged was on the ground floor, and one of a long range of rooms under a gallery, and the door of it opened outward and flat againſt the wall; ſo that when it was opened, the inſide of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it was ſhut. I had three comrades, fellow priſoners with me, Joſeph Vanhuil, of Bruges, ſince preſident of that town, Michael Robbins, and Baſtini, of Lovaine. When perſons by ſcores and by hundreds were to be taken out of the priſon for the guillotine, it was always done in the night, and thoſe who performed that office had a private mark or ſignal by which they knew what rooms to go to, and what number to take. We, as I have ſaid, were four, and the door of the room was marked, unobſerved by us, with that number in chalk; but it happened, if happening is a proper word, that the mark was put on when the door was open, and flat againſt the wall, and thereby came on the inſide when we ſhut it at night, and the deſtroying angel paſſed by it. A few days after this, Robeſpierre fell, and Mr. Munroe arrived and reclaimed me, and invited me to his houſe.

Curious Inſtance of Memory in a Maſtiff Dog.

IN Bingley's Animal Biography is the following moſt extraordinary inſtance of memory in a maſtiff, related by M. D'Obſonville:—

"This dog, which he had brought up in India from two months old, accompanied himſelf and a friend from Pondicherry

to

to Benglour, a diſtance of more than three hundred leagues. " Our journey (he continues) occupied near three weeks, and we had to traverſe plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and go along ſeveral bye-paths. The animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, loſt us at Benglour, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the houſe of M. Beylier, then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with whom I had generally lived. Now the difficulty is not ſo much to know how the dog ſubſiſted on the road, for he was very ſtrong, and able to procure himſelf food, but how he ſhould have found his way after an interval of more than a month!"

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 410.)

WHILE the ſurviving loyaliſts in Wexford were rejoicing at their deliverance, a very tragic ſcene was acted in Gorey. On the departure of General Needham from the latter town to Vinegar-hill, on the 20th of June, he had ſent an expreſs to Captain Holmes, of the Durham regiment, who commanded in Arklow, ordering him to diſpatch immediately to Gorey that part of the Gorey cavalry who remained in Arklow, and informing him, that on their arrival at their place of deſtination, they ſhould find an officer to command them, and a large force with which they were to unite. By the ſame expreſs the Gorey infantry were ordered to remain in Arklow; but theſe, and the refugee inhabitants of Gorey, hearing of a large force to protect their town, were ſo impatient to reviſit their homes, that they followed the cavalry contrary to orders. This body of cavalry, amounting only to ſeventeen in number, found on their arrival in Gorey, to their aſtoniſhment, not an officer or ſoldier. They, however, had the courage or temerity to ſcour the country in ſearch of rebels, with the aſſiſtance of ſome others who had joined them, and killed about fifty men whom they found in their houſes, or ſtraggling homeward from the rebel army.

On the 22d, a body of about five hundred rebels, under the conduct of Perry, retreating from Wexford, and directing their march to the Wicklow mountains, received information of this ſlaughter, and the weakneſs of the party committing it. They inſtantly ran full ſpeed to the town, determined on vengeance. On intelligence of their approach, Lieutenant Gordon, a youth of only twenty years of age, who had the command, marched his men (conſiſting of fourteen infantry, beſide the cavalry, out of the town, to meet the enemy, and took poſt in an advantageous poſition near a place called Charlotte-grove, where they fired

fired ſome vollies on the rebels, ſeven of whom they killed; but finding that they muſt be immediately ſurrounded and deſtroyed if they ſhould attempt to maintain their poſt, they retreated, and each horſeman taking a footman behind him, fled through the town toward Arklow. As by this motion the refugees, who had returned from Arklow, and were now attempting to eſcape again thither, were left expoſed to the purſuit of the enraged enemy, the officer attempted to rally the yeomen on the road, to cover, if poſſible, the flight of theſe unfortunate people; but the yeomen gallopped away full ſpeed to Arklow, in ſpite of his remonſtrances, and the refugees were ſlaughtered along the road to the number of thirty-ſeven men, beſide a few who were left for dead, but afterwards recovered. No women or children were injured, becauſe the rebels, who profeſſed to act on a plan of retaliation, found on enquiry that no women or children of their party had been hurt. This was owing to the humanity of a young gentlemen of ſeventeen years of age in the yeoman cavalry, who had by his remonſtrances reſtrained his aſſociates from violence with reſpect to the fair ſex. In the action of this day, which will be long remembered in Gorey under the title of bloody Friday, only three of the yeoman infantry were killed, and none of the cavalry. The rebels having accompliſhed their purpoſe of revenge, their only motive for deviating from their courſe to viſit Gorey, reſumed, after a ſhort repaſt, their march to the Wicklow mountains.

Mountains now, and other devious receſſes, ſince their expulſion from Enniſcorthy and Wexford, were the only retreats of the rebels, of whom thoſe who remained in arms, endeavoured by rapid movements from one ſtrong poſition to another to elude the king's forces, and thus to protract the war until the arrival of their foreign allies. In the time of the operations already related, by which the rebels of the county of Wexford were reduced to this ſituation, occurrences had elſewhere taken place, ſome of which are to be noticed. The province of Ulſter, where inſurrection had been moſt of all dreaded, and where from the ſpirit of the inhabitants it would, if extenſive, have been moſt of all formidable—remained undiſturbed, excepting two diſtricts, where, as the inſurgents were unſupported, they were ſoon ſuppreſſed. Neither, from the principles of the northern people, better educated, and poſſeſſing more of the purity of true religion, were the inſurgents of this quarter deliberately guilty, except in one inſtance, of the plunder, devaſtation, and murder of the ſouthern.

One of theſe inſurrections was in the county of Antrim, in the neighbourhood of the town of that name, on the 7th of June. A meeting of magiſtrates being appointed to be held on that day in Antrim, for the prevention of rebellion, the inſurgents, with deſign of ſeizing the perſons of theſe, attacked the

town at two o'clock in the afternoon, and ſoon overpowering the troops within it, very nearly gained poſſeſſion. Major-General Nugent, who commanded in that diſtrict, having received intelligence of the intended riſing, and the immediate object of it, had ordered a body of troops to march to Antrim, who arrived too late to prevent the rebels from the execution of their deſign in the attack of the town. They then attacked the inſurgents in the town, but their vanguard, conſiſting of cavalry, being repulſed with the loſs of twenty-three men killed and wounded, of whom three were officers, Colonel Durham, who commanded the troops, brought the artillery to batter the town, which obliged the inſurgents to abandon it, together with a ſix-pounder which they had brought with them, and two curricle guns which they had taken from the king's army. They were purſued toward Shane's-caſtle and Randalſtown, with ſlaughter, and perhaps may have loſt in all near two hundred. In this engagement Colonel Lumley, of the 22d regiment of dragoons, and Lieutenant Murphy, were wounded; Cornet Dunn was killed; and Lord O'Neil was mortally wounded. A ſmall body alſo aſſaulted the town of Larne, but received a repulſe from the garriſon in the barrack, conſiſting of a detachment of the Tay fencibles, under a ſubaltern officer. Feeble attempts were alſo made at Ballymena and Ballycaſtle. The main body afterward retired to Donnegar-hill, where, diſguſted with their want of ſucceſs and other circumſtances, the greater part broke or ſurrendered their arms, and almoſt all of them diſperſed, to which they were exhorted by a magiſtrate, named M'Cleverty, who had been taken priſoner by them.

On the day ſucceeding that of the riſing in the county of Antrim, a partial inſurrection commenced in that of Down—a body of inſurgents making their appearance near Saintfield, under the command of an inhabitant of Newtownards, a Dr. Jackſon. In their progreſs through the country they ſet fire to the houſe of a man named Mackee, who had been an informer of treaſonable meetings: eleven perſons periſhed in the flames—and circumſtances of cruelty were ſhewn not inferior to thoſe of the burning at Scullabogue. Electing for their general, Henry Munro, a ſhopkeeper of Liſburn, they placed themſelves, on the 9th, in ambuſcade, in the neighbourhood of Saintfield, awaiting the approach of a body of troops under Colonel Stapleton, conſiſting of York fencibles and yeoman cavalry. The ambuſcade ſo far ſucceeded, that the royal troops were for ſome time in danger of total defeat—loſing about ſixty of their number, among whom were Captain Chetwynd, Lieutenant Unitt, and Enſign Sparks, and alſo the Rev. Mr. Mortimer, vicar of Portaferry, who had volunteered. The infantry, however, on whom the cavalry had been driven back in confuſion, rallying with a cool intrepidity not common in thoſe times, diſlodged and diſ-

perſed the rebels, and after a ſtay of two hours on the field of battle, retreated to Belfaſt.

Little diſcouraged by this defeat, in which their loſs was very ſmall, the rebels re-aſſembled, and took poſt at Ballynahich, on the Windmill-hill, and at the houſe and in the demeſne of Lord Moira. On the 12th, General Nugent, marching from Belfaſt, and Colonel Stewart from Downpatrick, formed with fifteen hundred men a junction near the Windmill-hill, of which they gained poſſeſſion, together with the town, which lies in a valley between this hill and the high grounnd in Lord Moira's demeſne. On the latter the rebels (four or five thouſand in number) were poſted or encamped. Both armies ſpent the night in preparations for battle, which commenced early in the morning of the 13th, while the town was in flames, the troops having wantonly ſet it on fire. The action was maintained about three hours with artillery, with little or no execution—the cannon of the inſurgents being ſmall, and tied on the backs of cars; while the ſhells thrown from the mortars of the royal army were furniſhed with two ſhort fuſees, ſo that they all burſt in the air. At length the Monaghan regiment of militia, poſted with two field pieces at Lord Moira's great gate, was attacked with ſuch determined fury by the pikemen of the inſurgents, that it fell back in great confuſion on the Hillſborough cavalry, who likewiſe fell back in equal diſorder. The want of diſcipline in the inſurgents loſt what their valour had gained. The diſordered troops found means to rally while the Argyleſhire fencibles, entering the demeſne, were making their attack on another ſide. The inſurgents confuſed and diſtracted, retreated up the hill, and making a ſtand at its top, at a kind of fortification, defended the poſt for ſome time with great courage, but at length gave way and diſperſed in all directions. Their loſs appears, from the beſt account which I have received of this battle to have amounted to about a hundred and fifty; that of the royal army to about forty in killed and wounded, of whom two were officers of the Monaghan regiment, Lieutenant Ellis wounded, and Captain Evatt ſhot dead through the body. The main body of the inſurgents retired to the mountains of Slyeeve-Croob, where they ſoon ſurrendered or ſeparated, returning to their ſeveral homes; and thus, with the execution of their leaders, as elſewhere, and the diſcouraging news of the maſſacres of proteſtants in the ſouth, terminated this very ſhort and partial, but active and vigorous inſurrection—in the courſe of which ſome ſlighter actions had taken place, particularly the attack of Portaferry by a ſtrong party of men, on the 11th, who were repulſed by the yeomen poſted in the market-houſe, under Captain Mathews, and the fire of a revenue cruizer

commanded by Captain Hopkins, with the loſs of about forty men.

(To be continued.)

Advantages derived by the Dutch from the Herring Fiſhery.

WE may form a judgment of the flouriſhing ſtate to which the Dutch fiſheries had arrived at the commencement of the reign of James I. by the details we find upon this ſubject in a memoir preſented in 1604 to the council of Madrid, and which we have extracted from valuable collections in MS. of the learned and laborious Peireſc. We ſhall content ourſelves by giving in this place a ſuccinct detail of this article; the author arranges all their fiſheries into five principal diviſions.

1ſt. That of the freſh herring fiſhery, in which ſix hundred veſſels are employed, with a complement of ten men each, and carrying from ten to twenty-five laſts, each eſtimated at two tons, or four thouſand pounds weight, and containing twelve barrels of one thouſand herrings; this employs and maintains ſix thouſand men.

2d. The great herring fiſhery, in which three thouſand veſſels are employed, of thirty and forty laſts, the former manned with ten men, and the latter with fifteen, employing thirty-ſeven thouſand five hundred men.

3d. That of chub-fiſh, of ſalmon, &c. called the winter fiſhery, occupies ſix hundred barks of from ten to fifteen laſts, with a complement of eight men each, of which the total amount is four thouſand eight hundred men.

4th. That of dried herrings, in which a thouſand ſmall veſſels, of four laſts, are employed, of ſix men each, maintaining ſix thouſand men.

5th. The inland fiſhery upon the lakes, rivers, &c. which takes up ſix hundred boats, with five men each, and employs annually three thouſand perſons.

The ſum total of thoſe who gained their livelihood by the different fiſheries, amounted then (in 1604) to fifty-ſeven thouſand three hundred men. The revenue which the republic gathered upon their produce, amounted at that time to four millions nine hundred and forty-two thouſand five hundred florins —a ſum with which the rebels ſo powerfully ſupported the war againſt their king.

REMEDY *for the* BITE *of a* MAD DOG.

THE following recipe, though ſimple in its firſt appearance, is yet found by experiment not only to be very efficacious, but

but even infallible, if early applied, againſt the tremendous conſequences of the bite of a mad dog.

Take three yolks of hens' eggs, and oil olive as much as will fill three half egg-ſhells; put this together into a frying-pan, on a gentle fire; by continually ſtirring it with a knife it will mix well together; and continue doing this till it turns to a conſerve, or a thick jelly, which, when made, will fill a great tea-cup.

The manner of uſing it is as follows: He who is bitten muſt take (the ſooner the better after the bite, the effect of the remedy being uncertain, if not applied ſoon) the above mentioned doſes two ſucceſſive days, after he has faſted ſix hours, abſtaining even from drink, which he muſt do likewiſe for ſix hours after he has taken it. When the patient has a wound, the wound muſt be ſcratched open twice a day with a pen of fire-wood, for nine ſucceſſive days, and every time the wound muſt be dreſſed with ſome of the ſame remedy. He who has only played with or careſſed ſuch a dog, or has been licked by the ſame, takes (for precaution's ſake) only the above mentioned doſe for one time.

To an animal, of what kind ſoever, that is bitten, muſt be given, two ſucceſſive days, a double portion of the ſame remedy; and neither meat nor drink, ſix hours before, nor ſix hours after.

Memoirs of the late ingenious and learned Dr. Beattie.

THIS reſpectable character died in October, 1803, at Aberdeen, in the 68th year of his age, a celebrated profeſſor of moral philoſophy and logic in the Mariſchal College, or Univerſity of New Aberdeen. This diſtinguiſhed writer was a native of Kincardineſhire. His father appertained to that claſs of men who are ſcarcely on a level with our Engliſh peaſantry, but he was actuated by a liberal and generous ſpirit peculiar to the little farmers of his native country, for he aſpired and actually contrived to obtain an excellent education for his ſon. The parochial ſchools in North Britain are moſt excellent ſeminaries for this purpoſe, and the five univerſities ſpread over the face of the country, contribute in an admirable manner to inſtil a tincture of learning, philoſophy, and ſcience, in the youth deſtined to attend their various claſſes.

After the requiſite preliminary acquiſitions in his own neighbourhood, young Beattie repaired to New Aberdeen, and went through a regular courſe of ſtudy in that univerſity, in which he was deſtined to be a profeſſor. It is common for ſuch young men as are not diſtinguiſhed by the gifts of fortune, to become burſars, an idea of which is in ſome meaſure conveyed by the expreſſion of being put on the foundation in our Engliſh univerſities.

verſities. To the honour of the Scotch ones, no opprobrious diſtinction; no menial office; no degrading ſervitude is annexed to the term, which merely implies the receipt of a revenue. On the contrary, it is a proof of ſuperior merit; for, inſtead of being a ſinecure into which a ſtudent is inducted without formality, it becomes the premium of a victorious conteſt, and the juſt reward beſtowed on the victor after a competition, in which claſſical excellence alone carries away the palm:

"*Non ſine pulvere palmæ.*"

It is not unuſual for many of the ſtudents to attend the various college claſſes, during a certain number of months, when they ſupport themſelves on the bourſe of from four or five to nine or ten pounds per annum, and to ſuperintend a parochial ſchool during the remainder of the year; and there is ſome reaſon to believe that this was the caſe with Mr. Beattie. Certain it is, that he acted in the capacity of a ſchoolmaſter during a conſiderable portion of the earlier part of his life, firſt at Alloa, in Fifeſhire, and afterwards in Kincardineſhire. At length an opportunity preſented itſelf of removing to Aberdeen, the third town in Scotland in point of trade, extent, and conſequence. There he acted for ſome time in the humble ſituation of an uſher, to the grammar or principal Latin ſchool; and having married the daughter of the maſter, he perhaps aſpired to nothing more than becoming ſucceſſor to his own father-in-law. An event however occurred that ſoon taught him higher hopes, and afforded ſuperior expectations.

Mr. Beattie, who had long cultivated a taſte for poetry, about this period applied himſelf with unremitting ardour to give a poliſh to his verſes, that ſhould entitle them to meet the public eye, and he ſoon realiſed the moſt ſanguine wiſhes of his friends in this reſpect.

His firſt publication was a volume of "Original Poems and Tranſlations," which appeared ſo early as 1760; ſome of theſe after being purified and refined from their juvenile droſs, have been ſince preſerved in a new edition of the author's poetry. In 1765 appeared his "Judgment of Paris," and in 1767 he became known to Gray, and is ſaid to have conſulted him relative to the "Minſtrel," chiefly written in 1768, although part of it had been produced during the inſpiration of his earlier years.

In 1770 the public deemed itſelf highly favoured by his "Eſſay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in oppoſition to Sophiſtry and Scepticiſm."

In 1771 appeared part of his famed performance, viz. Book I. of "The Minſtrel; or, the Progreſs of Genius," in 4to. and in 1774, Book II. was publiſhed. The whole has ſince been reprinted

reprinted ſeveral times, and in a variety of editions. It was about this time that many of the moſt diſtinguiſhed of his own countrymen began to cultivate a friendſhip with, and pay reſpect to the talents of Mr. Beattie. We accordingly find that ſeveral of them addreſſed their poetical effuſions to him, and his merits began to attract public notice. But ſomething better than barren admiration was produced, for the earl of Errol, who lived at Slains Caſtle, in the vicinity of Aberdeen, fortunately was induced to patronize Mr. Beattie, while yet a young man. This nobleman accordingly exerted his influence with ſuch zeal and ſucceſs, that the aſſiſtant at their grammar ſchool was elected by the magiſtrates of New Aberdeen, to the honourable and diſtinguiſhed office of a profeſſor in their univerſity.

An event occurred ſoon after, that obtained for our poet a ſtill more diſtinguiſhed patronage and ſupport. Mr. Hume was at this period conſidered by his countrymen, as not only occupying an eminent ſtation in the republic of letters, but alſo of being in poſſeſſion of the chair of criticiſm, to which he had been in ſome meaſure elevated by the voluntary ſuffrages of the nation. To ſuch an authority it was natural for a young man to look up for countenance and protection, and Mr. Beattie is accordingly ſaid to have ſubmitted his productions to his inſpection, with all that deference, but at the ſame time, with all that hope incident to one in his ſituation. The verdict of the hiſtorian was not however ſo favourable as the poet had perhaps a right to expect; and this little occurrence is aſſerted in a contemporary publication, to have led to the "Eſſay on the Immutability of Truth in Oppoſition to Sophiſtry and Scepticiſm:" but we have good reaſon to think that this ſtatement is incorrect. That work, however, whatever were the motives in which it originated, which we firmly believe to have been of the pureſt kind, poſſeſſes conſpicuous merit. The author certainly had Dr. Reid in his eye, and followed the model preſented by that very able profeſſor; what is not a little remarkable too, the ſcholar on this occaſion acquired a more brilliant fame than the maſter. This publication obtained for Mr. Beattie much fame, a ſmall penſion, and a large portion of friends; among whom are to be reckoned Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, the earl of Mansfield, Mrs. Montague, Dr. Johnſon, Lord Lyttleton, and Drs. Hurd and Porteus, the biſhops of Worceſter and London.

Lord Mansfield, then chief juſtice of the King's-Bench, recommended him to his majeſty for a gratuity of two hundred pounds per annum, from the privy purſe; and to make uſe of the language of that day, "it was underſtood, that thus penſioned, he ſhould lie on the watch, and confute every ſceptical and profane opinion, that ſhould, after all that he had written, dare to ſtart up in the world." Having obtained fame and independence in his native country, Mr. Beattie was now deſirous to

viſit

viſit London, and converſe with the celebrated men of letters in the Engliſh capital. Being acquainted with Mr. Boſwell, he applied to that gentleman in 1771, in his way to London, and obtained a very flattering introduction to Dr. Johnſon, who introduced Mr. Beattie to many of his friends, Mrs. Thrale in particular, and ever after ſpoke of him in ſuch a manner as to teſtify his eſteem.

About this time he had obtained a diploma from the Mariſchal College, as L. L. D. viſited London once more, in 1773. A long interval of five years elapſed, however, before he returned thither again.

In 1783, Dr. Beattie preſented the world with "Diſſertations Moral and Critical," in one vol. 4to. The ſubjects treated of in this work, originally formed a courſe of prelections "which were read to thoſe young gentlemen whom it was the author's buſineſs to initiate in the elements of moral ſcience." In 1786, at the recommendation of the preſent biſhop of London, Dr. Beattie publiſhed "Evidences of the Chriſtian Religion," in two vols. 8vo. Thus the life of our author hath been a laborious one; for what with cultivating the belles-lettres, attending to the inſtruction of his claſs in moral philoſophy, compoſing, preparing for, and correcting the preſs, but little of his time can have been devoted to the pleaſures of ſociety. He was cheerful, however, and at times unbent his mind in the company of his old friends, until about ten years ſince, when a melancholy event occurred that caſt a gloom around him, and proved too fraught with affliction, notwithſtanding his ſingular piety, to be borne without the extremity of human miſery. For many years, his eldeſt ſon, at once his companion and his friend, had contributed not a little to cheer his mind, and promiſed to become the delight of his declining age. This ſtay, this prop as it were of all his comforts and all his hopes on earth, was ſnatched away from him on the 19th of November, 1790, when he had attained the age of twenty-two, and diſplayed on one hand ſuch a virtuous diſpoſition as the fondeſt father might have been proud to behold, while on the other his genius and talents began to develope, and afford an early promiſe of future excellence.

The laſt ſad and melancholy duty on the part of an unhappy father, has been the publication of the poſthumous works of a ſon, of whom he concludes an intereſting account as follows: "I have loſt," ſays he, "the pleaſanteſt, and, for the laſt four or five years of his ſhort life, one of the moſt inſtructive companions that ever man was delighted with. But—the Lord gave; and the Lord hath taken away; bleſſed be the name of the Lord. I adore the Author of all Good, who gave him grace to lead ſuch a life, and die ſuch a death, as makes it im-

poſſible for a Chriſtian to doubt of his having entered upon the inheritance of a happy immortality." But, as if the ſorrows of our profeſſor had not already been ſufficiently acute, he experienced, in 1796, an additional weight of calamity, by the death of his younger ſon, Montagu Beattie, ſo called after Mrs. Montagu. Theſe loſſes he never was able to recover; and has continued, ever ſince, to decline in health and ſpirits.

Dr. Beattie was conſidered as an amiable man in every department of private life. In the character of a huſband his conduct was exemplary, and we have already beheld him carrying the affections of a father to an extent ſcarcely compatible with Chriſtian reſignation. His fame not a little contributed to the flouriſhing ſtate of that univerſity of which he was the ornament. While his health permitted, no one was more eager or more zealous to diſcharge the duties of his profeſſorſhip; and we may venture to obſerve, that a lapſe of many years is likely to enſue before the chair of "Moral Philoſophy" will be filled by an abler lecturer.

As a poet, the doctor muſt be allowed to have attained great excellence. His verſification is elegant; and in choice of language and of imagery he is inferior to none of his contemporaries. Had he continued, like Pope and Dryden, to cultivate the muſes, even in his old age, his claſſical talents and harmonious numbers would have enſured ſtill greater fame.

As to his perſon, he was about the middle ſize; and although his aſpect was pleaſing, yet there was nothing that diſtinguiſhed him from the bulk of mankind, were it not for the vivacity of the poet, which at times beamed in his eye, and irradiated his countenance to the laſt.

THE UNFORTUNATE OFFICER.

THE following act of cruelty and perſecution, tranſcribed from a report of the proceedings at the Surrey general quarter ſeſſions, held in Auguſt, 1801, is not the leaſt intereſting, or deſerving of notice:

"A captain in the army, on being brought up to be liberated, was oppoſed. The learned counſel firſt aſked him, why he had not put in the ſchedule a legacy of 2000l. left him by the will of his late father? The priſoner replied, that he knew nothing of ſuch a ſum. The probate was then produced, whereby it appeared, that the money was left him, to be paid by the executors, under certain reſtrictions: he very readily ſaid, that his creditors were welcome to any thing he might have in expectancy; and the bequeſt was accordingly inſerted.

"He

" He was next interrogated, as to what he had done with the money for which he had ſold his commiſſion? He anſwered, that it had produced him 400l. about two years before; the greater part of which he had appropriated to the payment of his debts, and the reſidue to ſuſtain nature!

" He was now queſtioned, why he had not given in an account of the houſehold furniture belonging to his apartment in the priſon? To this he replied, that the learned barriſter might have the whole for a guinea, as it conſiſted only of a ſorry matraſs; but, ſaid he, " I have been uſed to it, and am fain to content myſelf, after undergoing the perils and hardſhips of war, after having been expoſed to the fire of the enemy in the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, in America and Africa, and in various other parts of the globe. I, Sir, am not ſo fortunate as you, who repoſe, perhaps, on a down bed; and by your conduct to me do not know the behaviour of a gentleman. I have fought valiantly, as theſe teſtimonies will ſhew (handing up ſome documents to the bench). I am an old ſoldier?

" The learned counſel then preſſed to know what wearing apparel he had, as none was enſcheduled; intimating at the ſame time, that he was merely doing his duty? " This," rejoined the veteran, unbuttoning an old great coat—" This," ſaid he, " is my wardrobe, and this my only ſhirt. I have not a ſhilling in the world!"

" Here Lord Grantley, the chairman, humanely interpoſed, and begged the counſel not to preſs the buſineſs farther; obſerving, it muſt be obvious to every one, that the captain had conducted himſelf towards his creditors with the utmoſt integrity. His lordſhip directed the inſertions to be made in the ſchedule, and ordered him to be forthwith diſcharged; which was accordingly done.

" The priſoner was a fine-looking man, in the prime of life, and poſſeſſed the manners and appearance of a moſt poliſhed gentleman. Lord Grantley, with that affability and politeneſs which ſo peculiarly belong to him, evinced, by his conduct to this bold, deſerving, friendleſs character, the intereſt he took in his unfortunate ſituation."

ANECDOTES *of* MATTHEW PRIOR.

[From Cole's Selections.]

IN the year 1712, my old friend Matthew Prior, who was then fellow of St. John's, and who not long before had been employed by the queen as her plenipotentiary at the court of France, came to Cambridge, and the next morning paid a viſit to the maſter of his own college. The maſter, Dr. Jenkin, loved

Mr. Prior's principles—had a great opinion of his abilities, and a reſpect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater reſpect for himſelf. He knew his own dignity too well to ſuffer a fellow of his college to ſit down in his preſence. He kept his ſeat himſelf, and let the queen's ambaſſador ſtand. I remember, by the way, an extempore epigram of Matt's, on the reception he met with. We did not reckon in thoſe days, that he had a very happy turn for an epigram. But the occaſion was tempting, and he ſtruck it off, as he was walking from St. John's College to the Roſe, where we dined together: it was addreſſed to the maſter.

" I ſtood, Sir, patient at your feet,
" Before your elbow-chair;
" But make a biſhop's throne your ſeat,
" I'll kneel before you there.

" One only thing can keep you down,
" For your great ſoul too mean:
" You'd not, to mount a Britiſh throne,
" Do homage to the queen."

HOUR-GLASSES *in* PULPITS.

AN hour-glaſs is ſtill placed on ſome of the pulpits in the provinces. Daniel Burgeſs, of whimſical memory, never preached without one, and he frequently *ſaw it out* three times during one ſermon. In a diſcourſe which he once delivered at the conventicle in Ruſſel-court, againſt drunkenneſs, ſome of his hearers began to yawn at the end of the ſecond glaſs: but Daniel was not to be ſilenced by a yawn; he turned his time-keeper, and altering the tone of voice, deſired they would be patient a while longer, for he had much more to ſay upon the ſin of drunkenneſs: " Therefore, (added he,) my brethren, we will have another glaſs, *and then*—."

HINT *to an* ARMED NATION.

WHERE the loyalty and zeal of troops can be depended upon, individual intelligence muſt conduce in a high degree to maintain ſubordination, as it will teach them how certainly the want of it muſt, in the day of battle, produce confuſion and conſequent defeat. Inſtead of embarraſſing the general movements of an army, it muſt greatly facilitate them, as every individual knowing the part he is to act, and the means of regaining his poſt when loſt, muſt conduce to render every movement more regular, and enable the ranks to recover order after they have been broken.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An elegiac Farewell, ſuppoſed to be the Addreſs of the late Mrs. Mullins, of Wells, Somerſet, to her Family.

FAREWELL, my huſband, and my children dear;
My ſoul is mounting to a different ſphere;
That God, who gave me life, has call'd me hence;
Nor dare we queſtion his omnipotence.
How I have acted here, the world muſt know;
Tho' ſtill the judgement ſeat is not below;
But high exalted, on celeſtial wings,
Is the tribunal of the King of Kings.
Rouſe all your fortitude to meet the blow,
Nor once complain, or heave with heart-felt woe.
To each of you, my ſons, this boon I give,
And from a parent's mouth the gift receive;
Thro' life's ſhort period act the upright part,
Let juſtice guide, and goodneſs warm the heart;
With truth join temperance, with virtue love,
Your conſcience then your actions will approve;
Nor muſt religion paſs unnotic'd by,
Its balm will comfort you when death is nigh;
Follow theſe rules, and we again ſhall meet
T' embrace each other at our Saviour's feet.

Taunton. J. BALL.

OLD ENGLAND: A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of "My Spirits are mounting, &c."

OLD England's my toaſt, my boys, pledge me who will,
Fal la lal, fal la lal, fal la lal, laddy,
But no one ſhall pledge me that won't go to drill.
Fal la lal. &c.
For now the old lady's got into diſtreſs,
We ſhould all go to drill, and learn march, halt, and dreſs.
Fal la lal laddy, fal la lal, fal la lal, fal la lal laddy.

Brave England, ſurvivor of all other nations!
Fal la lal, &c.
Can her children deſert her, and all her relations?
Fal la lal, &c.
Forbid it kind Heaven, forbid it all nature,
No child of our iſland can be ſuch a creature!
Fal la lal, &c.

The Spaniſh armada you read of in ſtory,
Fal la lal, &c.
But now there's a greater, much greater before ye.
Fal la lal, &c.
Of the madmen of France, Bonapart' forms an hoſt,
And with fury prepares to invade all our coaſt.
Fal la lal, &c.

Prime

Prime and load then, my boys, and your muſkets all ſhoulder,
Fal la lal, &c.
Our defence of our land ſhall amaze each beholder.
Fal la lal, &c.
Fire away, charge with bayonet, and with the lance,
And deal death to all the mad furies of France.
Fal la lal, &c.

NELSON's BIRTH-DAY.—A CANTATA.

Written by T. DIBDIN.—*Compoſed by* T. ATTWOOD.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN our Fifth Harry o'er his country's foe
Hurl'd Britiſh vengeance, Shakelpeare's magic lyre
Bid inſpiration o'er his numbers flow,
And grac'd the hero with a muſe of fire:
Oh! for that poet's more than mortal lay,
To fill each breeze from hence to far-fam'd Nile,
To bid each friend of Engliſh valour ſmile,
In grateful joy on Nelſon's natal day.

AIR.

Where o'er the main the tide of war,
Terrific ſwells th' enſanguin'd wave;
And many a youth from Albion far
Finds in old ocean's arms a grave,
Dauntleſs amidſt the ſons of fame,
Nelſon records a deathleſs name;
And cheerful braves each hoſtile band,
For Britain's king, and Britain's land.

SONG.

Old Neptune delighted to ſee the brave tar,
In peace ſo warm-hearted, ſo fearleſs in war,
Adviſ'd with his tritons what grace ſhould be done
To Britannia's firſt boaſt, and his favourite ſon.

The needle, ſays one, was the charm which you gave,
Thoſe lads to direct who firſt tempted the wave;
Then think of ſome other, his life to ſecure,
Whoſe fame while your elements flows will endure!

Says Neptune, "'tis hard to give bail for his breath
"Who hourly hails danger, and grapples with death;
"Yet his ſword, like the needle, my ſkill ſhall anoint
"And ne'er but to victory's wreath ſhall it point!"

DUETTO.

Nor ſhall his gen'rous heart return,
To fill with pride the floried urn,
Till to a people's well-earn'd praiſe
Kind Heaven has added length of days.
Tho' deep our woes, his glories ſoon
Would ſorrow's night tranſform to noon;
And future bards, in many an age,
With Nelſon's glories deck the page.

FULL CHORUS.

Then live, ever live to our gratitude dear,
The hope of our navy! May fortune endear on
His days and his friends to increaſe every year,
And Nelſon and glory be coupled for ever.

To the EDITOR *of the* WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TWO months, Mr. Editor, nearly have paſs'd,
Since I ſent you a budget of poetry laſt,
And week after week, have I vainly expected
To find poor Palemon no longer neglected:
At length, in a paſſion, I ſwore, with a frown
To give Mr. Goadby a proper *rub down*,
For treating an old correſpondent ſo bad;
But Conſcience replied, "Mr. Poet, you're mad,
"The *gemman*, no doubt, will be vex'd at your *bother*,
"And treat this epiſtle the ſame as the other."
Madam Pride (who you know is a ſtiff little ſprite)
Call'd Conſcience a fool, and adviſ'd me to write.
"For who pray," ſays ſhe, "would have taken ſuch pain,
"To be treated, like you, Sir, with ſilent diſdain?"
Thus long they diſputed 'till Reaſon, offended,
With a few gentle hints, their hoſtilities ended.
"Palemon, perhaps, your epiſtle, was loſt!"*
"Remember, it was not convey'd by the poſt;
"Take wit in your anger, and write them again;
"But ne'er let reſentment diſhonour your pen;
"Abuſe is a failing moſt juſtly abhorr'd,
"But civility gains a deſerving reward."

Dock, Devon. PALEMON.

* Reaſon is, according to cuſtom, perfectly in the right. The compoſitions of this pleaſing writer will always meet due attention.—Editor.

LOYAL SONG.

To the Tune either of the Pilot who weathered the Storm, or of the Indian Death Song.

SHALL the bold Britiſh heart which true glory has led
From the mouth of the Nile thro' parch'd deſerts to roam,
And which oft for the freedom of others has bled,
Shrink from arms when the foe proudly threatens his home?

No! ſhame to that thought could it ſpring from the ſoul
That was rais'd in the lap of fair liberty's land;
To our coaſts their light barks let the dark ſurges roll,
Shall we tremble when Frenchmen are rang'd on our ſtrand?

Still flows the warm current thro' Engliſhmen's veins;
Still the bright ſtar of Britain to fame points the way;
High beats the ſame pulſe that won Agincourt's plains;
Proudly waves the ſame banner that wav'd Creſſy's day.

Let them come! let them come! Oh thou guardian main!
For once check the rage of thy high-creſted wave;
In hoſtile array our white cliffs let them gain,
Then the iſle of thy boſom her children ſhall ſave.

And again the freſh leaves that hang green from the bough
Of the old Engliſh oak, our ſweet girls ſhall entwine;
With fond hands wipe the dew from the conqueror's brow,
And love brighter beaming with *gratitude* ſhine.

A VOLUNTEER.

TRANSLATION OF A DUTCH EPIGRAM.

WHEN Adam ſlept, Eve from his ſide aroſe,
Strange his *firſt* ſleep ſhould be his *laſt* repoſe.